

PRISON STRIPES TO SWALLOW TAILS.

"Biff" Ellison Takes the First Dinner of His Freedom in Evening Dress.

Breakfasted on Sing Sing Hash; Dined on Roast Duck in New York.

He Begins Life Anew at Forty-six with No Money and Few Friends.

NO OLD SCORES TO WIPE OUT.

He Has Learned to Respect Law and Will Try to Re-establish Himself—Of All His Friends Hermann Oelrichs Proves the Stanchest.

Frank Ellison breakfasted yesterday on an iron spoonful of corned beef hash, two slices of bread, each an inch and a quarter



thick, and a large tin cup of black coffee. For dinner he had blue points, a delicate soup concocted by a skilful cook, a bit of roast duck, a salad which he dressed himself, some cheese, a wafer and several small cups of coffee.

The first meal of the day was in Sing Sing Prison, in the company of prisoners, and his costume was the striped garb furnished by the State to its convicts. The second meal was in a West Thirty-ninth street residence, in the company of two ladies and

Mr. Ellison wore for the first time in three and a half years evening dress. The two meals were as follows: BREAKFAST IN SING SING. CORNED BEEF HASH. TWO SLICES BREAD. TIN CUP OF COFFEE WITH OLD MILK OR SUGAR.

A Model Convict. Ellison's hair is slightly tinged with gray. His stubble mustache is still more gray. He is forty-six years old, and he had lived every moment of it up to the time he was sentenced. In 1893, to five years' imprisonment for assaulting William H. Henriques, father of the woman he loved. Yesterday his term of imprisonment ended. The five years had been commuted for good behavior, according to law, to three years and seven months. Governor Morton had granted a still further commutation of five months and twenty-one days, representing the time Ellison spent in the Tombs prison previous to his conviction. Ellison was legally entitled to leave the prison on Monday at midnight. He followed the prison custom in remaining until after breakfast yesterday morning.

"He has been a model convict," principal Keeper Connaughton said. It has been Ellison's fortune to have been a model at every point in his career. He was born in 1850, and did eighteen months' military service at the end of the civil war. He was almost the youngest soldier in the army. He was the pet of the Seventh Regiment, and always strong, always quick to fight, he became a model on which many boys fashioned their glorious careers.

Five years ago he was a member of the Union Club, the Union League and the Manhattan. He was in his physical prime, proud of his fists and capacity for strong drink, the model of a set in which much strong sense of duty appeals to the arbitrament of fists.

Fortune and Friends, Goss. A change has come over the man whose readiness for argument in blows had earned him the unpleasant name of "Biff." No longer is he an arrogant, unwhipped bully. Now that he has still an exaggerated sense of having been persecuted he is wholly transformed, wholly remodelled.

He has the air, the carriage, the tone of a quiet gentleman. His fortune is gone—and his friends, in the three years of his labor in Sing Sing he earned \$25.00 by the performance of extra tasks. That sum, and \$10 and a railroad ticket to his home—which are given every departing convict—are given to him and he has no other money that he may call his own. His wardrobe is light. His prospects are uncertain. There is one woman who has done much for his comfort—his sister.

Of all the men who were his companions in the old days Hermann Oelrichs has remained the one faithful friend.

In His Former Costume. Ellison wanted to be out of prison and was in a fever until he had got free of the walls. He had received a cheap suit of clothes—buttered trousers, black coat and vest, gray overcoat and cloth hat that might have been called an Alpine or Fedora by the maker. Some of the clothes that had been his before his conviction had been sent to him, a suit with new shirts, collars, cuffs and underclothing. He wanted to put these on in the prison, but there is a regular course in discharging prisoners and he had to wear outside the walls the State's donation in clothing.

A back had been called from the village of Sing Sing and into this Ellison jumped. He was driven to the Phoenix Hotel, near the railroad station and there in the parlor he put on the better clothing, giving the butler a tip of a dollar on about the place. Ellison weighed 200 pounds when he was admitted to the prison; yesterday he weighed 197 pounds. But, whereas his flesh had been soft and white on his admission, it was hard and plump on his discharge. At forty-six he is a better man physically than he was at forty-three. He is better mannered and possessed of more reverence for law and order.

No More Strong Drink. No friends were there to meet him, nobody save reporters and prison folk, who came in to bid him good-by.



"Biff" Ellison Leaving His Prison Home.

He remained in the Phoenix Hotel until 11 o'clock and then walked to the station, where he took the 11:08 train. The interval had been spent in the luncheon, but Ellison drank no liquor. He has drunk none for three years. He says he will never drink anything intoxicating again. He took a glass of milk when excited acquaintances insisted that he "drink something" with them.

All the way to the city Ellison gazed at the Hudson. No one met him at the Grand Central Station, but he took a cab and was driven to the home of his sister, Mrs. Samuel Walsh, at No. 31 West Thirty-ninth street, where he remained all the afternoon and where he dined. "I have no plans," he said. "I have some hopes. Maybe I shall get into some business in the Street. I propose to live in New York, and I propose to live in the East. No one need have any fear that I shall try to inflict any bodily harm on him. I am done with that chapter. Misrepresentation has been made regarding my probable course of conduct by those who were instrumental in securing my conviction."

"I start out beginning a new life with respect for law and a determination to do nothing violent or illegal. All I ask is to be let alone. All I want to do is to re-establish myself in the community, and my sole revenge will be to unmask the perjury and fraud of my enemies." Mrs. Ellison told to those familiar with the case of Ellison that a feud existed between him and Delos McCurdy, a lawyer of No. 2 Wall street, who lives in the Eastman House. When Ellison's statements were submitted to Mr. McCurdy yesterday he said he would not reply to or comment on them. Mrs. Ellison gave the principal testimony for Mrs. Neame in the New York proceeding, consisting of having been in improper place with Neame. Yesterday he would not speak of the later proceeding or of the woman who has become his bitter enemy.

"DANCED LIKE THE GIRLS AT SHERRY'S."

This Little Jersey Town Appears to Have Had an Up-to-Date Dinner.

Minnie Youmans Has Confessed What Happened at Archibald Case's Party.

How a Merry Company Watched the Old Year Out at Belvidere.

CHIEF OF POLICE AMONG THEM.

And There Were Other Officials and Politicians and Some of the Most Prominent Citizens—One of the Dancers Drugged Now Seriously Ill.

Belvidere is a pretty little provincial Jersey village no longer. It has stepped right into the front rank of up-to-date



"Biff" Ellison Leaving His Prison Home.

town. Minnie Youmans has made a confession about the New Year's Eve dinner at Archibald Case's.

Minnie is tall, with black hair, big eyes,

A Cyclone Crowd In Spite of Weather at the Cyclone Clothing Sale.

They came through rain, they came through mud and slush. From morning till night they crowded—and BOUGHT. No wonder. \$16 Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters at \$7.50. \$22 Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters at \$10.50. \$28 Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters at \$12.50. \$35 and \$40 Overcoats and Ulsters at \$15.00. Stores full of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats and Furnishings at equally astounding prices.

The Great Sale Goes on Every Day—8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

BIERMAN, HEIDELBERG & CO.,

Cor. Broadway and Chambers St. (Stewart Building), and at 194 Broadway, below Fulton Street.

thick eyebrows in a straight line, and teeth that would devour all the apples in Eden. She was always joyful, and she went to the party which Archibald gave on Friday, and which lasted all night. He carried her on Saturday to the house of Philip Plummer-felt, where she lives.

Dr. Cummings said she might die, and in her fear she made a statement to the Prosecutor of Pleas, George A. Angle. She said Minnie Youmans, who is Case's housekeeper, asked her if she would come to her house and watch the old year out, and then she goes on:

"I went with Clara Pohl, who met me at Mr. Plummerfelt's gate. Case had made one of his best dinners for his guests, with elder, beer, claret, liquors and a great quantity of fruit and nuts. There were the Chief of Police, Charles Baker, the town Tax Collector, Frederick Seales, the town-shipman, Mark L. Case, the photographer, Peter D. Ketchledge, James Wilson, the county Democratic Committeeman; William Relford, Arlie Kitchen, William Collins, Joseph Silvers, Oscar Kimerover and Charles Franksey.

There were four other girls besides me. They were Minnie Brands, Clara Pohl, Sarah Strubel and Cora Lyon. Then we spent some time eating fruit and drinking beer before the musicians came. They were the three boys who play a violin, a baritone and a mandolin. Then we danced and carried on.

"We drank a great deal, and many of the men were already drunk when they brought in another barrel of beer. After that they got boisterous. I danced with Charles Franksey and others, and I felt well until somebody gave me a glass of beer, which I drank. "It went to my head. We danced like the girls did at Sherry's in New York. The boys urged me by clapping their hands, and singing the time. The other girls kicked and carried on. I do not remember just what happened, but it seemed to me as if I were turning round and could not stop. I felt sick, my throat burned and I thought I would choke."

Minnie told much more that is better not repeated. Archibald Case is a mulatto. He is a good cook, and served on several occasions at the most eminent families of Belvidere. The young women bow to him affably in the street, and he takes of his hat to them with the air of the confidential old servant. He never associates with men of his color, and he is respected as an honest man.

Now he is under a ban. His housekeeper is a white girl. He lives in a long frame house, on the river side. It is an old-fashioned cottage in a beautiful garden.

Case wears a quiet, neutral air when he is questioned. He says: "I declare no responsibility in this matter. There were men, who are married, and men who are officials, and men who stand high in the community at that dinner, and if they did not know how to behave in company, sir, it was not my part to tell them. I had much more at stake in this affair, sir, than anybody in this town. I could not permit anything which would disgrace my good record."

The Rev. Dr. Bruen has expelled from the Presbyterian Church Sarah Kruegel, who was at the dinner. Arlie Kitchen, the prosecutor of pleas says, has quit the town and others of the guests are still sick. Chief of Police Baker says: "I was at Case's in the pursuit of my duty as an officer. I knocked at the door. I saw a well-behaved party at a table eating oranges and grapes. I saw a well-behaved party at another table drinking elder. I went out. If anything wrong happened it happened while I was not there."

The Chief of Police is the entire police force of Belvidere. At a meeting of the Councilmen in the Town Hall on Monday night Mayor Cahart asked for his dismissal. But Baker found defenders, and he remains.

Dr. Cummings says: "Minnie Youmans was drugged with a powerful chemical. She is blistered internally. There was little chance of saving her life on Sunday, and she is not out of danger now."

TO WATCH ALL BANKS.

Clearing House Demands Weekly Statements from All Those Not Members of the Association.

At a recent meeting of the Clearing House Committee of the Clearing House Association it was decided that hereafter all banks which are not members of the association, but which clear through the Clearing House banks, shall present weekly statements of averages of deposits, loans, discounts, reserves and other items. It is understood that such statements are intended for the records of the Clearing House and not for publication.

While this is not the direct result of the recent bank disasters in the West, it is to some extent the outgrowth of a feeling on the part of the large New York banks that they must exercise care in regard to the smaller institutions for which they clear. The Clearing House banks are responsible for all items on non-members which clear through them, until twenty-four hours after the receipt of notice that they have ceased to act as redemption agents for such non-members.

In relation to the Western bank failures, President E. H. Parker of the New York Produce Exchange Bank, said yesterday: "These Western troubles are but the natural result of injudicious loans which are generally called 'boom' loans. Our advice are that the banks which have and are now conducting a legitimate banking business are perfectly sound. I do not consider that these failures indicate the true financial situation of the whole country, or that they prove that we are not returning to our former prosperity."

Vice-President Nelson, of the Seaboard National Bank, said: "The bank troubles in the West are entirely due to loans on real estate and local corporation stocks which, through the excessively dull times, shrink to a remarkable degree."

Mission at the Paulist Church. A successful mission for men is now in progress at the Church of the Paulist Fathers, at Sixth street and Columbus avenue. It is being conducted by the Rev. Walter Elliott, with the assistance of missionary priests. It was begun on last Sunday evening and will be continued morning and evening through the week. This retreat, which is exclusively for men, will be followed by a mission to non-Catholics, to be begun next Sunday evening.

A WALK ABOUT WANAMAKER'S

Only a gleam of sunshine was needed yesterday to bring a full and responsive audience to the attractions at the Wanamaker Store.

This business was long since emancipated from tradition. January was formerly a dull month. It is yet to Mr. Wayback—the trader with a future behind him.

His species is numerous—quite. He is still found in



the largest cities. Tradition is his evil genius—it makes him torpid when mid-winter is passing.

We thought it very bright to catch the idea that merchants need not hibernate as woodchucks do in January and February. But that was long ago. For many winters we have known the new-year time as a bargain-making time.

And so the busy days of the opening year buzz merrily. They bring activity to our employes, and while to us there is very little profit our Public revels in good bargains.

Come along! Let our talk guide you around the old familiar Store. There are things to see, to learn—a great store is a great educator.

Down in the basement. The great House Furnishing Goods Store waits to make all kitchens convenient; to put dashes of comfort at firesides, on dinner tables—to save dimes and dollars for prudent housewives.

Here is a pile of 300 Chamois Skins, at 25c each. You may buy only two. The limit is made to keep the dealers away from the bargain that's meant for our friends, the housekeepers. Near by 900 more, many of them big, all fine, all at half price. Had too many.

Here, too, are great aristocratic polished brass Coal Vases at \$5 and \$7.50. Well worth double. Miss 'em now—how you'll wish for one while you sit and wonder as to the added grace one of them would give to your open fire. Reverse—"It might have been."

And the man of leisure does not scorn a good bargain, even if he is rich. Near the Coal Vases, French Balance Coffee Makers—the writer has known them well these fifty years. Prices \$4, \$4.25, \$5. This time next year you'll pay double if you buy. Aristocracy of Coffee. Economy does not destroy the charm.

While you are in the basement you can get a Laundry Hamper for \$1.25 that's worth \$2.50. Pot Roast Kettles—5c for any size. Don't know them? Ask and know. Prices used to be 20 to 40c. Pots are brothers to Kettles. Here are Tea Pots with copper bottoms, at 10c for either 2, 3 or 4 pints. Sugar Boxes, holding 7 pounds, are 15c, and Corn Poppers are 5c.

The moths got into some splendid Ostrich Feather Dusters. They didn't take much out of the feathers, but they did take a lot out of the price. Before the moths, \$1.50 to \$2.30—now, your choice at 25c. Enamelled Bread Raisers only 75c.

The House Furnishing store is interesting. Off at the north side of it are Grip Sacks, Cabin Bags, Gladstone Valises and Dress Suit Cases. All good and fair to look upon. The prices are almost an indignity. See them? Dress Suit Cases, \$1.75 to \$10.50; grain leather Grip Sacks, \$1.90 to \$4.25, and genuine Alligator, \$3.25 to \$5.35. Is it not enough to tell you that the long list from which the foregoing are selected represents just half prices? Bought cheap, sold cheap. That's the Wanamaker way.

Let your steps lead up to the first floor. Linger and wander beside the long counters in the aisle near Tenth street and Broadway. You never before saw such women's Gloves at 60c a pair! Paris would snatch them sharply if the Bon Marche should offer them as cheaply. There were 1700 dozens, over 20,000 pairs. The leather is strong and fine grained, four buttons—nothing common about them. Wanamaker takes the whole lot that you may get a pair for 60c, or a dozen at \$7.20.

Turn your steps toward Fourth avenue—back to where the Dress Goods are kept. Harbingers of Spring are here—Cotton Dress Goods. The printings! Gush about them would be pardonable. Strong designs in two colors—impressionistic. Impressions of what? Give it up. The ring-fancy of a designer's brain. Richly decorative, they are, and you'll know it when they adorn a Summer beauty. And the delicate designs, sprays, twigs, flowers upon films of cloths. Pause by them—look them over—the salespeople will take pride in showing them. Textile printing finds no better artistic form than upon Dress Goods Cottons.



Early buying of Summer Dress Goods means comfort in dressmaking, and economy, too. What a relief to anticipate the season and be ready for June before March is over!

Some prudent women will buy for next Winter—others have needs to supply now. This same Dress Goods section has a collection of bargains in black for each. They're here because of the big buying ways of Wanamaker—30 to 40 varieties, just on the counters. Some of the patterns were here before. These goods are from one of the best European makers. Remember—all blacks.

Mohair Cloths, with damasse figures, at 75c. Their legitimate price is \$1.25. Others at \$1. Their legitimate prices are \$1.75 and \$2. Do you see? The prices are half and two-thirds upon goods just shown. Remarkable—isn't it?

As you go toward the Broadway front of the store you find the Paper that goes by the three pounds for 25 cents, and one pound for 10 cents. Fine, for society correspondence. Never saw the like before.

Just by the Paper are the men's Shirts that ought to be \$1, and would be were there no Wanamaker's. The price is Fifty Cents. Near by the Laces join the procession of January sales. Two Hundred and forty-three patterns of Lace Edgings and insertions, ranging in width from 1 to 18 inches—Renaissance, Cluny, Guipure, Silk Point de Gene, Imitation Point Applique, Lierre; Valenciennes, Nottingham, Chantilly, Point de

Esprit, Russian—almost every sort of Lace represented.

Prices are half, some of them less than half, of what they have been, and what they are worth.

A complete list would be too long. Here's just a price nudge: Oriental Laces, 12c, reduced to 6c. Silk Laces, 40c, reduced to 20c. Batiste Laces, \$1.50, reduced to 50c. Black Edgings, 80c, reduced to 40c. Lierre Laces, \$2, reduced to \$1. Culpure Laces, \$3, reduced to \$1. Black Points, \$3, reduced to \$1.50.



An occasion in White Goods would be incomplete without Embroideries. There is a stock of them here to be proud of.

Over 3,000 new Spring styles direct from St. Gall, Switzerland, are here. Many of the patterns are exclusively our own. Never did prettier embroideries cross the sea.

Cambric Edgings, 6 to 50c yd. Nainsook Edgings, 10c to \$1 yd. Swiss Edgings, 10c to \$1.25 yd. Culpure Edgings and insertions on cambric and Swiss, fast edges, at a saving to you of quarter to third of regular prices.

CAMBRIC EDGINGS. 2 to 3 1/2 inches wide, at 8c per yard. 2 to 3 1/2 inches wide, at 9c per yard. 2 1/2 to 4 inches wide, at 10c per yard. 2 1/2 to 4 inches wide, at 12c per yard. 4 to 6 inches wide, at 14c per yard. 4 1/2 to 10 inches wide, at 17c per yard. 4 1/2 to 10 inches wide, at 21c per yard.

LAWN EDGINGS. 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 inches wide, at 8c per yard. 3 to 4 1/2 inches wide, at 10c per yard. 4 to 5 inches wide, at 12c per yard. 4 1/2 to 6 inches wide, at 14c per yard. 5 to 6 1/2 inches wide, at 16c per yard. 5 to 10 inches wide, at 17c per yard.

A walk about Wanamaker's must take you to the second, third and fourth floors. The

WHITE FAIR

Is divided between the second and third floors. Better go to the third floor first, and see the great mass of fine Muslin Underwear. On Monday morning there were 147,015 pieces. Every garment, even the cheapest, has been

carefully make and scrupulously inspected—they come from clean factories, and are made by well-paid people. The season and the quantities are the causes of low prices.

Corset Covers go from 8 cents to 65 cents. Skirts from 40c. to \$2.50. Chemises from 18 cents to \$1. Drawers from 10 to 75 cents. Gowns from 38 to 75 cents. And all this is distinct from the great stock of Paris Lingerie on the second floor.

On both floors the wonders of the day. Laundered Shirt Waists, in beautiful styles, at 25 and 50 cents. They need no advertising. Every happy buyer is a willing advertising—so they go.

Tired? Well, y-e-s. We suppose so. But the half isn't told. Take a step or two more.

One thousand pieces of Carpets were offered on the third floor yesterday at 20 and 25 per cent reductions. Wiltons, \$1.65; Axminsters, \$1.25; Velvets, \$1; Brussels, 80c. and \$1. And four grades of Linoleum went down in the same fashion.

On your way down stairs the Shoe store will claim your thought for some great doings in Shoes for women at \$2. Also for girls and small boys at 60c., 75c., \$1, \$1.25.

And the Clothing man wants to tell about Sailor Suits at \$3.75 and \$4.50. And the women's Clothing man says, "My bargains in women's Coats at \$6, \$10, \$12, \$15, and \$25." And the Linen man, and the Fur man!

They'll all talk to-morrow. Meanwhile we hope you have been interested. Thanks!

JOHN WANAMAKER Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth Streets.